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NUGGETS

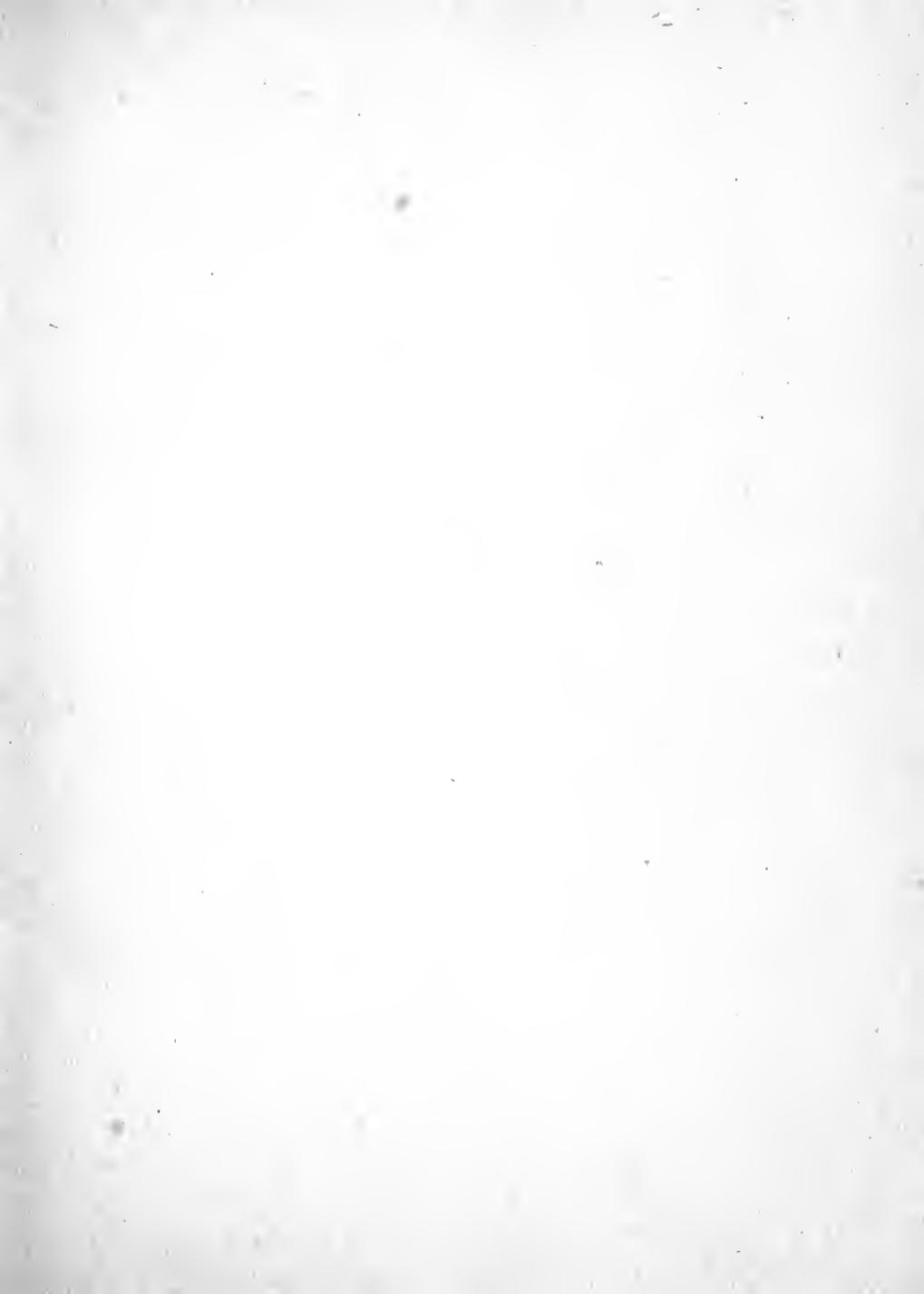
OF

GOLD

By

CARRIE LAW MORGAN FIGGS







Nuggets of Gold



by

Carrie Law Morgan Figgs

(Author of "POETIC PEARLS")

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By Carrie Law Morgan Figgs
528 East 46th Place
Chicago, Ill.



Price 50 cents

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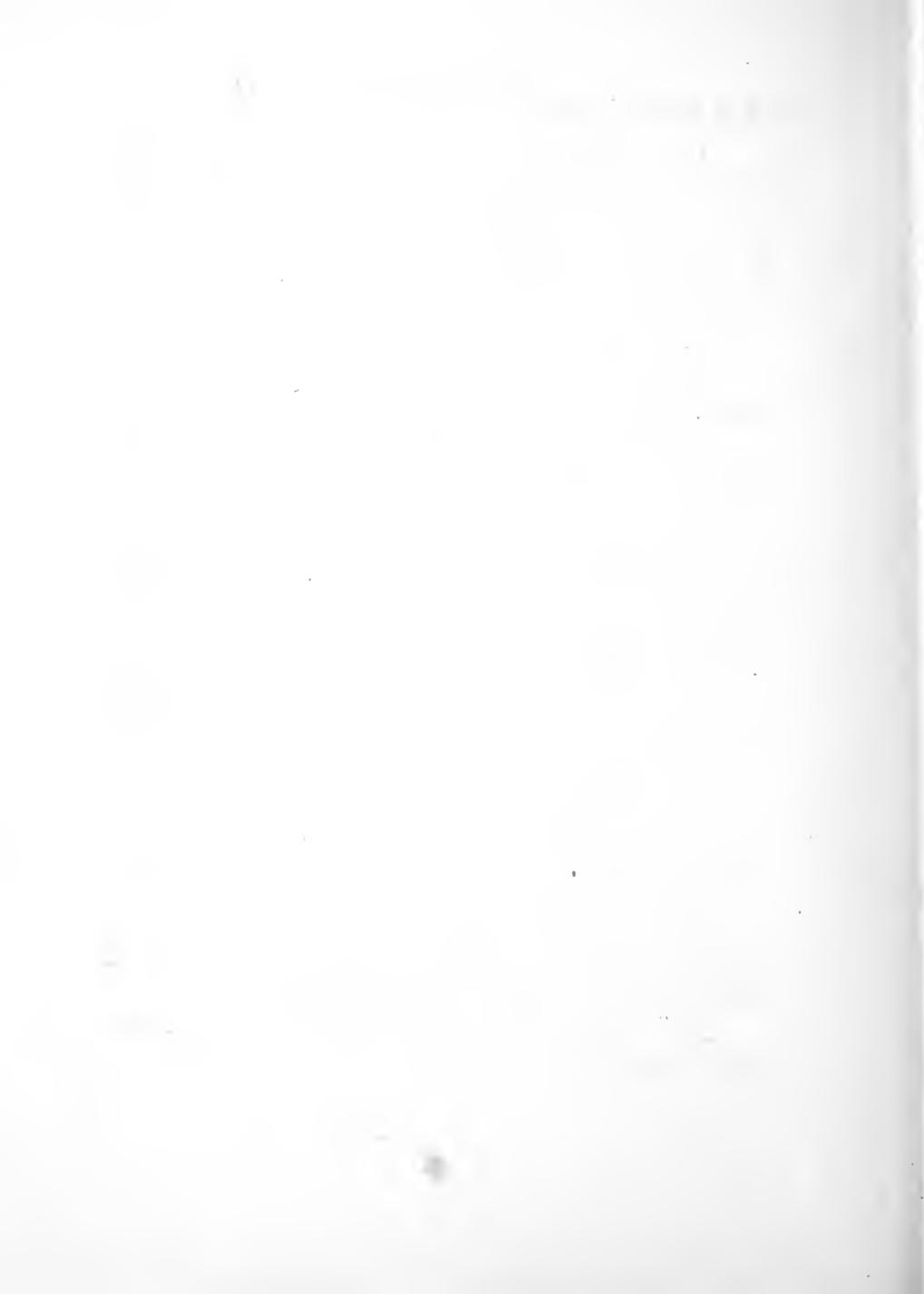


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P R E F A C E

DEAR READER,

The enormous sales of "Poetic Pearls" has inspired me to send to you "Nuggets of Gold", "Poetic Pearls" met with such popular favor until I've received some very beautiful letters complimenting them.

We give a few extracts below:

Rev. John A. Gregg A. M., D. D. President of Wilberforce University says:

'Poetic Pearls' is a very fine contribution, I am very much pleased with it.

Rev. J. C. Caldwell, ex-secretary Allen Christian Endeavor League, says:

The book is a contribution to the literature of our race.

Hon. Charles H. Anderson, Capitalist and banker, says:

This book is entitled to a place in a class with the best poems of the world.

Rev. John W. Jones, Associate Editor of The Fla. Times Union, says:

"Poetic Pearls" scatters sunshine and point out ten shining points on the checkered pathway of life.

Madame Victoria Clay Haley, says:

I feel sure that much inspiration will be gained by the reading of these pages. The first two selections alone are worth the price of the book.

Rev. Arthur L. James, pastor First Baptist Church, Roanoke, Va., says:

It is not only production of literary merit, but it is soul deep in its rich contributions toward helping the world to become sweeter, kinder, safer and happier.

Major R. R. Jackson, Chicago Alderman and Major General of Knights of Pythias, says:

The book is a jewel. You are the uncrowned queen of literary art.

Dr. S. G. Baker, Editor of "The Messenger", says:

This production places Madame Figgs in the school of poets, and should be read by all.

I hope that "Nuggets of Gold" will inspire you as does a golden nugget when dropped into your palm, and meet your kind approval as does "Poetic Pearls".

C. L. M. F.



MY NUGGETS OF GOLD



I own three golden nuggets.
Two boys and a girl;
Who fondly call me mother;
I'm the happiest woman in the world.

I loved them ere they knew me,
I prayed that they might live;
As their little brown arms entwined me,
I gave all that I could give.

A mother's love and sympathy;
A mother's joy and tears;
A mother's heart—felt interest,
And above all, a mother's prayers.

I heard their childish laughter,
I joined them in their play;
I kissed their cuts and bruises;
I wiped their tears away.

God has let me keep my nuggets,
Til now they are lumps of gold;
I pray that He will refine them,
And when life is over take them into his
[fold.]

A PRAYER

1

Father of the fatherless,
Friend of the poor,
Husband for the widow,
Open hopes' door.

2

Thou hast heard us pray
In days gone by;
Hear us now Father;
Heed Thou our cry.

3

Thou art Almighty,
We know Thou art God,
All men are thy children,
Their Mother the sod.

4

Thou didst lead Israel
From Egypt's dark land,
Lead us O Father;
Grant us thy hand.

5

Make America safe for Democracy,
Safe for black as well as other men;
Hear us O Father,
We beg thee—Amen.

LIFE

1

A moment of pleasure,
An hour of pain,
A day of sunshine,
A week of rain,
A fortnight of peace,
A month of strife,
These taken together
Make up life.

2

One real friend
To a dozen foes,
Two open gates,
'Gainst twenty that's closed,
Prosperity's chair,
Then adversity's knife;
These my friends
Make up life.

3

At daybreak a blossom,
At noontime a rose,
At twilight 'tis withered,
At evening 'tis closed.
The din of confusion,
The strain of the fife,
These with other things
Make up life.

4

A smile, then a tear,
Like a mystic pearl,
A pause, then a rush

Into the mad whirl,
A kiss, then a stab
From a traitor's knife;
I think that you'll agree with me,
That this life.

LOVE

Something that makes you feel
Like a fool half the time.
Something that makes you act
Like a mule when he's blind.
Something over which you have
Absolutely no control,
Something that makes your blood hot,
And then it makes it cold.

2

Something that dulls your senses,
And then sometime make them keen
Something that makes you kind and sweet,
But sometimes makes you mean.
Something that makes the eyes soft.
And makes the heart beat fast.
Something that clings to memory
In the city of the past.

3

Something that's high and holy,
Then sometimes it's mean and low,
But it will make you leap through fire,
It will make you wade through snow,
It will make you cross the ocean,
It will make you mount the air;
It will make you cross the desert;

It will make you curse and swear.

4

Something that makes you happy,
Then sometimes it makes you sad.
Something that makes you better,
Then sometimes it makes you bad.
It was this that made Adam
Have to leave his Eden home,
And 'twas this that made Ahasuerus
Bring Esther to his throne.

5

Something that's high as heaven,
Something deeper than a well.
Something so mysterious
That wise men fail to tell.
It makes of you a lion,
Then it makes of you a dove
This mysterious thing I speak of
Is, L O V E, love.

WHOA MULE (Dialect)

1

Whoa mule; aint you got no sense?
Keep jammin dis cart up to dis fence
Don't you know you'll break it down?
You's de biggest fool mule in dis town.

2

Anybody dat looks at you
Can see you is country thru and thru
A city mule has got some sense
You never see him jammin de fence.

3

When his boss says to him "be still"

He, stops right then and obeys his will
He gently turns his head around

To see if his boss is on the ground.

4

He stands up jes where he is placed

He looks a street car in de face
He winks at autos passing by

From motorcycles he will not shy.

5

I know you've seen a car befo,

Don't you hear me keep saying whoa!!
I'll take dis stick and bust yo hide,
You act so daw-gonned country-fied.

6

Now when I get up from my seat,

You stand bolt upright on yo feet;
And let these city mules find out,
That you are not a country clout.

7

Mule, are you really trying to pout,

Or are you trying to pitch me out?
The mo I talk to you bout sense;

The mo you jams into this fence.

8

You think that you'll have some fun,

But mule, my business you can't run;
I'll tell you when I want to go,

Stand up I tell you; I mean whoa!!

ROLLING WATERS

1

Rolling waters, tell me true,
Just how long you've dashed and rolled
Rolling waters deep and blue,
Really are you very old?

2

Rolling waters, I know you.
Yet, of you I am so afraid;
Tell me of the things you do
Tell me of the graves you've made.

3

Then the waters answered me,
"I was here ere God made man
The God of heaven named me "Sea"
And called your place of abode, land.

4

Upon my bosom fishes play,
Upon my bosom storms do ride
Within my bowels treasurers lay
That I swallowed with fiendish pride.

5

I swallow ships, I swallow men;
I give them a bed upon my floor
To sleep and never wake again
'Til time shall cease and be no more.

6

Man is to rule all things on land,
Man can tame the lion bold;
But I wish man to understand
That o'er me, he has no control.

I leap, I dash, I rise and fall,
 I allow your ships to ride my foam;
 At times I am a chasm then a wall;
 I obey God and God alone.

All men to me are just the same,
 I treat the rich as I do the poor,
 I care not for their wealth or fame
 They are men to me and nothing more.

I leap, I dash, I rise and fall
 I allow your ships to ride my foam;
 I heed nobody's cry or call,
 I obey God and God alone.

THE NEGRO'S UPWARD FLIGHT

As the eagle soars skyward
 Each day in her flight
 The Negro soars upward
 From darkness to light.

He has flown from his cabin
 His banjo and pranks
 To position and honor
 To title and rank.

His brother in white
 Is no longer his peer
 He is the equal of any man
 Found anywhere.

He left slavery's shore
 And for knowledge he sought
 Today he is a giant
 In the city of thought.

He is not begging for favors
 Along so called social lines
 He wants equal rights
 For this only, he pines.

He's a citizen in peace
 He is a soldier in the war's din
 But he asks for the treatment
 That is given to other men.

WE ARE MARCHING

We are marching, truly marching
 Can't you hear the sound of feet?
 We are fearing no impediment
 We have never known defeat.

Like Job of old we have had patience,
 Like Joshua, dangerous roads we've trod
 Like Solomon we have built out temples.
 Like Abraham we've had faith in God.

Up the streets of wealth and commerce,
 We are marching one by one
 We are marching, making history,
 For ourselves and those to come.

4

We have planted schools and churches,
We have answered duty's call.

We have marched from slavery's cabin
To the legislative hall.

5

Brethren can't you catch the spirit?

You who are out just get in line

Because we are marching, yes we are
marching

To the music of the time.

6

We are marching, steady marching

Bridging chasms, crossing streams

Marching up the hill of progress

Realizing our fondest dreams.

7

We are marching, truly marching

Can't you hear the sound of feet?

We are fearing no impediment

We shall never know defeat.

SIGNS

If a black cat cross your way,

You'll have bad luck all day.

If you meet a cross-eyed man,

You might as well change your plan.

If your left eye jumps,

You are going to have some awful bumps.

If you strike your right foot big toe,

Into trouble you are bound to go.

If you put your hat on the bed,

Disappointments are ahead.
If there's an itching of the right hand,
 You'll get a letter from a man.
If the left hand itch its funny,
 But you'll surely get some money.
If you dream of the dead,
 Rain is not far ahead.

THE BLACK QUEEN

All hail! this honest dusky maid,
 Let all others prostrate fall;
Bring forth the international diadem,
 And crown her queen of all.

In all pure womanly qualities,
 She stands serene and tall,
Way up above the average,
 This makes her queen of all.

She's not a sluggard at any place,
 She answers duty's call
Come all ye people, small and great,
 And crown her queen of all.

She stands bolt upright by her men,
 She will not let them fall,
Now for her valor, tip your hat,
 And crown her queen of all.

DEAR OLD HOME OF MINE

1

Tis true I've moved far from you
Into another clime
But there is no place just like you
Dear old home of mine.

2

I've made many new friends
They invite me out to dine
There are no friends like home friends,
Dear old home friends of mine.

3

I love your smiling waters
I love your sun kissed clime
I love your vales and meadows
Dear old home of mine.

4

I love your grassy meadows
I still hear the whispering pine
I fancy that I hear song-birds singing
In that dear old home of mine.

5

At night I dream of old friends,
With love their faces shine
The smiles and hand shakes thrill
In that dear old home of mine.

A TEMPERANCE POEM

1

Temperance is a holy cause;
It teaches naught but love,
The God who rules the universe
Indorses it above.

2

The wine cup is dangerous,
It makes you from good breeding part,
It drags you down to ruin,
And takes possession of your heart.

3

I wouldn't be a drunkard's wife
I hate the maddening cup,
It taints your morals, wrecks your life;
And drinks your senses up.

4

Oh Temperance, Temperance wonderous
name
That reaches men in every clime
That lifts them from their walks of shame
And makes them walk in paths sublime.

5

Great God protect the Temperance cause;
Shelter it neath thy mighty wing;
Defend those who uphold its laws,
So of sweet Temperance they might
sing.

NANCY

1

Nancy is a nurse sir
She's just as fine as silk
She is always bright and smiling,
But she insists on giving you milk,
Says she, "It's the doctor's orders"
That you shall have no meat:
She fills you with the liquid
While the chicken she does eat.

2

She opens wide your mouth sir,
And your temperature she takes,
Then she writes down something funny
In a booklet that she makes
Just to show the doctor
How well you are thriving
And to impress upon him greatly,
To obey him she is striving.

3

You can tell when the doctor's coming
Nancy sticks down her hair
Then she paints and powders her face sir
Until she is beautiful and fair
She bathes your face and gently rubs
The wrinkles from your cheek
She says: "now dearie lie quite still
And to doctor do not speak."

4

She warns you "now be careful"
Be quiet as a mouse
Look wise and smile quite cheerful

The doctor's in the house"
To keep you from telling doctor
That ail the chicken she did eat
She tells him that you are delirious
And strange things do repeat.

5

Nancy really knows her business,
She is loving clean and neat
She will nurse you back to life sir,
But your goodies she will eat.
She will read you fairy stories,
She'll take you to the land of Fancy
While she eats your chicken, cream and
cake,
This mystifying Nancy.

I WILL TRUST IN JESUS (Sacred)

1

Tho my path be dark as night,
I will trust in Jesus.
Tho I see no ray of light,
I will trust in Jesus.

2

Tho my sky be thunder riven,
I will trust in Jesus.
He looks down upon me from high heaven
I will trust in Jesus.

3

Tho my cheeks be bathed with tears,
I will trust in Jesus.
He can carry all of my cares,
I will trust in Jesus.

I will trust him all the way,
 My friend, my Savior, Jesus.
 Until I reach that "Perfect Day",
 I will trust in Jesus.

WHO'S YOU TALKIN TO
 (Dialect)

Boy! I'll split you wide open,
 You gitten yo sef some brass;
 Everytime I open my mouf to you,
 You got to gim-me a game o sass.

I always thought you'd be nothin',
 You low lifed ugly vilun;
 You is mo like your old daddy
 Than any of my other chillun.

What you say? you glad you like him?
 Shut up! don't talk back to me,
 Didn't you hear me say shut up you rascal,
 Why I'll beat you 'til you can't see.

Why I'LL break you down in the loins sir
 If you gimme any mo' talk
 Don't you think that I can't reach you
 Cause I got rheumatiz and can't walk.

Now stop dat sniffin and cryin'
 Take yo' sleeve and wipe dem nose
 Stop dat humpin in yo' shoulders
 Straighten out dem crooked toes.

Go on on' clean dat kitchen.

Wash every dish pot an' pan
Don't you roll yo' eyes at me sir
Remember you aint no man.

Lawd have mercy on dat boy
You know Lawd I aint mad
But I have to scare him up like dat
Cause he is so everylasting bad.

THE MURDERER

John Jones and Fred Pratt had a falling out;
It was all about Nellie Brown;
Nell liked Jones better than she did Pratt,
So of course she turned Pratt down.

Says Pratt: "Miss Brown, Jones is a thief,
He served three years on the gang;
He is only a common rousta bout;
Pardon me for such slang.

I know for when my father was County
Judge, he sentenced Jones three times;
Once for stealing a box of hams,
Once for stealing a dime
And the third time for stealing a little
girl not past the age of nine".

Now this was a malicious lie;
Nell unlike most girls could see

So she said " you are a coward Pratt
To speak such words to me".

5

"Father says that John is a gentleman
And I think he ought to know
For they were in business together
In the Klondike Eleven long years or more

6

"And further more I want to tell you
To save contention and strife
That with a heart filled with love
I have promised to be no other than
John Jone's wife.

7

These words sank deep into Pratt's mean
soul,
Thought he, "It shall never be
Before he shall marry the girl I love
I'll send his soul to eternity".

8

Pratt knew the road that Jones used
When he went to see Miss Brown,
He hid himself behind the trees,
Just outside the town.

9

Jones came walking along slowly,
Thinking "to-morrow Nell will be my
bride"

When suddenly Pratt sprang
From the shrubery by his side.

10

He felled Jones with a bludgeon;

Then stabbed him to the heart,
Then dragged his body from the road
To a safe place in the dark.

11

He crept back through the shrubery,
He fled into his home;
But the eyes of God were upon him;
He felt he was not alone.

12

Next day the constable sought him
And confronted him with his crime;
"You were seen" he told the murderer
"By eyes more keen than mine".

13

The day that they had the trial,
Nell's face was calm but firm;
Neath her searching gaze Pratt faltered;
Like a worm he did squirm.

14

The Judge gave out this sentence,
"You shall hang 'til you are dead"
They marched the prisoner outside,
To the gallows he was led.

15

He knelt in meditation;
"Forgive me God," he said.
He drove a dirk into his own heart;
At the sheriff's feet he fell dead.

THE PICNIC

1

We had a wonderful time at the picnic;
Everybody in town was there.
We sang and played and frolicked
'Til our music filled the air.

2

Joe Brown was there with his sister;
And Ned was there with his gal
Yes Sam was there with Mirandy;
Pete Jenkins he brought Sal.

3

Parson Jones he brought the widow
A leanin on his arm,
You could see that he was frightened;
But he tried to look quite calm.

4

The young folks started dancing;
Parson lifted his glasses and said,
"Suppose we don't do that children
Let's have the grand march instead".

5

"Good" came a chorus of voices,
Let the parson lead the march;
The parson walked out boldly,
But his face was as white as starch.

6

The marchers walked out gracefully,
Each couple took its place;
Phil Tomkins gave the orders
With perfect ease and grace.

The band was playing Dixie,
 The parson looked left then right,
 His partner had gotten away from him,
 And was almost out of sight.

You know the widow can't see well;
 And she grabbed Joe Bown by the arm
 Thinking that twas the parson
 Who was holding her by his charm.

Parson got Joe Brown's sister,
 And she's gay young thing;
 When he found himself she had him
 Actually cutting the pigeon wing.

The young folks caught the spirit,
 But when the parson tried to stop;
 His feet refused to help him,
 So on the floor he fell ker flop.

Now by him falling suddenly,
 It made us all fall down;
 And my slipper heels were caught
 In the wig of Fannie Brown.

Well say, did she look funny?
 Everybody began to laugh;
 Her head looked like an apple
 When it is split in half.

I couldn't get my slipper
 From the tangles of that hair;

Imagine me a limping
Around with my right foot bare.

14

We finally found our places
And got back into line;
But child I want to tell you
We had one jolly time.

THAT EASTERN STAR

(Sacred)

That star of joy and hope
That star of love divine
That star of light and peace and life
That shines for all mankind.

2

Our star reminds of Him
Who died on Calvary's tree
Whose blood can cleanse from every sin
And make the bondsman free.

3

That star shone through the past
It will shine for years to come
Its beams have led us through the blast
Its beams will lead us home.

4

Dear guiding star above
Of thee, to thee we sing
Lead us with the rays of love
While to thy points we cling.

SMILE, WORK AND SING

Smile and the world grows better,
Smile and upon gloom put a fetter,
Smile and open friendships letter;
Smile, Smile, it's a deal of fun.

Work and the task grows lighter
Work, and your sun shines brighter
Work, and your grip grows tighter
On success, and you're sure to win.

Sing and you help your brother,
Sing, you lift the cloud for another
Sing and evil thoughts you smother
From the recesses of your heart.





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